wit will make vse of any thing; I will turne diseases to commoditie.

Enter th' Archbishop, Thomas Mowbray (Earle Marshall) the Lord Hastings, Fauconbridge, and Bardolfe.

Bishop Thus haue you heard our cause, and knowne our (meanes,
And my most noble friends, I pray you al
Speake plainely your opinions of our hopes,
And first Lord Marshall, what say you to it?

Marsh. I well allow the occasion of our armes,
But gladly would be better satisfied,
How in our meanes we should aduance our selues,
To looke with forehead, bold, and big enough,
Vpon the power and puissance of the King.

Hast. Our present musters grow vpon the file,
To fiue and twenty thousand men of choise,
And our supplies liue largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosome burnes
With an incensed fire of iniuries.

Bard. The question then Lord Hastings standeth thus,
Whether our present fiue and twentie thousand,
May hold vp head without Northumberland.

Hast. With him we may.

Bard. Yea mary, theres the point,
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My iudgement is we should not step too far.

Bish. 'Tis very true lord Bardolfe, for indeede
It was yong Hot-spurs cause at Shrewsbury.

Bard. It was my Lord, who lined himselfe with hope,
Eating the ayre, and promise of supplie,
Flattring himselfe in proiect of a power,
Much smaller then the smallest of his thoughts,
And so with great imagination,
Proper to mad-men, led his powers to death,
And winking, leapt into destruction.

Hast. But by your leaue it neuer yet did hurt,

To

To lay downe likelihoods and formes of hope.

Bard. We fortifie in paper, and in figures,
Vsing the names of men in steed of men,
Like one that drawes the model of an house,
Beyond his power to build it, who (halfe thorough)
Giues o're, and leaues his part-created cost,
A naked subiect to the weeping clowdes,
And waste for churlish winters tyrannie.

Hast. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire birth)
Should be stil-borne, and that we now possest
The vtmost man of expectation,
I thinke we are so, body strong enough,
Euen as we are to equal with the King.

Bard. What, is the King but fiue and twenty thousand?

Hast. To vs no more, nay not so much, Lord Bardolfe,
For his diuisions, as the times do brawle,
And in three heads, one power against the French,
And one against Glendower perforce a third
Must take vp vs: so is the vnfirme King
In three diuided, and his coffers sound
With hollow pouertie and emptinesse.

Bish. That he should draw his seuerall strengths togither,
And come against vs in full puissance,
Need not to be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so, French and Welch he leaues his back vnarmde, they baying him at the heeles: neuer feare that.

Bar. Who is it like should leade his forces hither?

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster and Westmerland:
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth:
But who is substituted against the French
I haue no certaine notice.

Bish. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

Hast. We are Times subiects, and Time bids be gone. *ex.*

Enter Hostesse of the Tauerne, and an Officer or two.